THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

XII.

COUNTY SOCIETY IN SUMMER.

It may interest the American reader to know how English "County Society" employs itself. Perhaps I should rather say enjoys itself, since this more concerns it than any serious occupation of life. Of course the gentlemen, heads of families, give some attention to business affairs, as affecting their estates; while their wives and grown-up daughters devote a portion of their time to works of charity and mercy. I think I may say that a large minority of them do this; especially in districts where looking after the poor in a sort of patronizing way is a thing of rivalry and fashion. Still, with the majority pleasure takes precedence of everything else; and from year's end to year's end it is with them a round of amusements, which vary with the seasons. Those incidental to summer do not commence until about the middle of the year, as, during the spring and early summer months, the leaders of County Society are "in town," where it is itself supposed to be. For then is the "London season"—Parliament in session, theatres, operas, picture exhibitions, flower shows, Court receptions and drawing-rooms, with all the other frivolities, are in full swing. To take part in, or be present at, these is esteemed the correct thing; and not doing or being so were to be out of the fashion. They terminate at no exact date, as the London season is, more or less, caused by and coexistent with the sitting of Parliament, which by a perverse anachronism, retains England's aristocracy in town at the time country life is most enjoyable. It is generally over by the latter end of July, when rural life is resumed, with the sports and pastimes appertaining to it.

Formerly croquet was the great summer game and "croquet parties" all the fashion; with regular clubs for playing it established in every neighborhood where there were resident gentry, and for the pleasure felt in a display of skill, combined with exercise of the intellect, this was beyond doubt, and still is, the best outdoor game ever invented. Yet County Society has quite dropped it, and taken to lawn tennis instead. No doubt their abandonment of croquet was greatly due to the implements used in playing it; these, through misconception, and the influence of the leading newspaper authority on sport, being such as to make the game about as enjoyable as that of billiards played with broomsticks for cues and cannon-shot for balls. But croquet had also got into the hands of the common people; its hoops might be seen on the grassplot of every suburban villa, and so it was no longer a pastime for the fashionables. How long lawn tennis will continue to be so it is difficult to say. Likely it will have a more extended lease of exclusiveness, from its very insipidity; the people not caring for this elaborate form of battledore and shuttlecock.

But the pastime most exclusive and recherche now in vogue with County Society is that of archery. Of late years this has been "all the rage," nearly every family of the gentry class owning bows, arrows and targets; one or more members of each belonging to an "archery club." For, although there is practice at home, the show shooting is done at club meetings, where a hundred or more of these amateur archers assemble, ladies and gentlemen in about equal numbers. Every county has its archery club—some, two or three—and the meetings are periodical, usually once a fortnight, while the fine weather lasts. A costume is worn, each club having its own, according to adoption; though the wearing it is only *de rigueur* for those who take part in the shooting; spectators being excused. The ground is sometimes in a private park belonging to one of the club's members, but as often in a large pasture field chartered for the purpose and situated centrally, so as to be most convenient for all. On the day of contest the targets are set up, and a large marquee erected to eat luncheon in, or retreat to in case of rain. Sometimes the members bring their own materials of lunch with them; and sometimes a caterer provides the spread for all, charging so much a head, as previously arranged. A band of music is also engaged, which gives additional zest to the day's enjoyment. The targets are placed in two rows, at about 100 yards apart, facing one another. Each row will have five or six of them, so that several archers may be shooting together, thus saving time. Time is also economized by having the two sets of targets, which are shot at alternately, the shooters after spending the allotted number of arrows passing from one to the other, while the scattered shafts are being collected. I need not enter into the details of this pastime, which in itself is one of the poorest, and, except for the accompaniments and surroundings, would be dull indeed. In these, however, there is a certain presumable relief, especially if the archery ground be in some picturesque spot, as that of the club to which I myself belong—the "Royal Forest of Dean Archers." Its place of meeting is in the heart of the forest, where there is an open glade of green pasture large enough for the practice; and with the costumed archers of both sexes, each armed with a long, slender bow and quiver of arrows, the white tent, with its ornamental flags, a circle of well-dressed spectators, and the band discoursing sweet music—all form an imposing sylvan scene; its grandeur further heightened by an array of carriages in the background, with servants in gay and varied liveries loitering beside them. If the day be fine, the luncheon is set out on a long table *al fresco*, and the archers, with their friends, seated around it, their liveried servants in waiting behind, offer another tableau of an original kind. And there is yet another to succeed, when the shooting has recommenced. Then the said servants take the chairs lately occupied by their masters, to make finish of the debris of cold ham, fowl and pigeon pie, with such heel-taps as may be found in the wine bottles.

It might be supposed that an archery meeting, with such displays, would attract many spectators of the common people. But, however attractive to them, they will not be there, save some half dozen or so of the daring, unabashed kind. For although the place be unenclosed and free to the public, there is a tacit understanding that the assemblage is a private one, confined to the archers and their friends, and all uninvited people would be looked upon as intruders. Indeed, the invitations, given by members of the club themselves, are limited to a very few—the number fixed, and in some cases extended only to guests staying at their houses. Nearly all of County Society belongs to archery clubs; some ambitious Apollos and Dianas holding membership in two or more of them. The attendant expenses are not great; usually an admittance fee of a guinea, with an annual subscription of half a guinea. The fund thus raised goes to providing the tent, targets and music; the luncheon, of course, being a separate affair, as the costume dress, which last, as already said, is optional, save to those who shoot. But, slight as is the expenditure, archery clubs are not easy of entrance, the black ball jealously excluding everybody who has not also the entree of society's charmed circle.

Another and the more ordinary of summer recreations, in which County Society indulges is the "garden-party," or, as it is sometimes termed, "at home." This is altogether a private affair, and calls not for a particular description, only to say that the giver of it invites a larger number of guests than he or she would were it a dinner. Of more miscellaneous character, too, since the garden-party may include poor relations of a distant kinship, with acquaintances not deemed eligible to the intimacy of the dinner-table. For all such it is a convenient way of giving satisfaction and clearing off old scores of indebted hospitality. An inexpensive one, too, since the fare set forth is of the "light refreshment" kind, costing little—cakes and confectionery of various sorts, with blanc-mange, jellies and ice-cream. For drink, the abominations of claret and champagne cups, if not their more abominable counterfeits in *vin ordinaire* and cider.

At most or all of these garden parties there are archery, lawn tennis and croquet; this last still retaining its corner, though despised and neglected. But the chief occupation of the garden-party is to spend an hour or two in conversation, idle or otherwise. In a sense they have their uses; bringing people together who live many miles apart, and may not have other opportunity of meeting. Sometimes this convention is of the closest kind; the treacherous climate of England making it so. A garden-party not unfrequently gets under a deluge of rain, when all have to retreat inside, filling up drawing and dining-rooms, hall, corridors, with every sheltered space available. And often the guests have to stay there till the orthodox hour of breaking up, between 6 p. m. and 7; the time of commencement being 3 p. m. on the invitation card, but nearer 4 for arrival.

It is well on in the summer, nearing autumn, when garden-parties are most given; fruit being then ripe and figuring largely in the *menu* set before the guests; another inexpensive convenience, too, the host or hostess having grown it in their own orchard, or under glass. Grander and more potential the display when it consists of pineapples, peaches, melons and products of a tropical kind. But in the gardens of the English aristocracy all these are grown, some of them even superior to what nature produces in her unaided efforts.

In the flush season of garden-party giving there will be several of them within the week; more or less according to the number of gentry resident in the neighborhood. Other people, the *hoi polloi*, know little about these goings on, only being made aware of them by seeing an unusual number of carriages whirled along the roads toward a common centre, each with its contingent of ladies and gentlemen, the former in full finery of dress, whatever the wear of the latter. And oh! the envy which boils up in the heart of many such spectators, believing as they do that the actors in the scene are on their way to an earthly paradise! Could they enter it, and become acquainted with its realities—all its hollowness and insipid assumptions—they would be better contented with their lot, humble as it is.

SUNDAY IN WALL STREET.

From Broadway to the river's strand
 The street in silence lies;
Old Trinity, an upturned hand,
 Points finger to the skies.

Now swells the invitation sweet
 From the soft-chiding bells,
And footsteps sound in many a street
 Throughout their parallels.

No hand or sunlight warms to-day
 The wealth yon buildings hold;
On yonder steps there sits at play
 A child with hair of gold.

Ah, fateful street, thy strife is loud
 When all thy dollars shake,
And from their friction's dust the crowd
 Their various livings take!

But more I love this Sabbath-voice
 Whose softer accents say
That higher wealth still moves the choice
 Of men to keep this day;

That not in vain do Heaven's rifts
 Shine in the children's eyes;
That not in vain the church-spire lifts
 Its finger to the skies.

CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

EMERSON ON AN OLD NEW-ENGLANDER.

From a Letter by Dr. Sprague published by The Observer.

CONCORD, Oct. 25, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR: It will be easy, as it is grateful, to me to answer your inquiries in regard to Dr. Ripley; as I still have by me some sketches which I attempted of his character very soon after his decease. Indeed, he is still freshly remembered in all this neighborhood. He was a man so kind and sympathetic, his character was so transparent, and his merits so intelligible to all observers, that he was very justly appreciated in this community. He was a natural gentleman; no dandy, but courtly, hospitable, manly and public-spirited; his nature social, his house open to all men. I remember the remark made by an old farmer, who used to travel thither from Maine, that "no horse from the Eastern country would go by the doctor's gate." Travellers from the West, and North, and South could bear like testimony. His brow was serene and open to his visitor, for he loved men, and he had no studies, no occupations, which company could interrupt. His friends were his study, and to see them loosened his talents and his tongue. In his house dwelt order, and prudence, and plenty; there was no waste and no stint; he was open-handed and just and generous. Ingratitude and meanness in his beneficiaries did not wear out his compassion; he bore the insult, and the next day his basket for the beggar, his horse and chaise for the cripple, were at their door. Though he knew the value of a dollar as well as another man, yet he loved to buy dearer and sell cheaper than others. He subscribed to all charities, and it is no reflection on others to say that he was the most public-spirited man in the town. The late Dr. Gardner, in a funeral sermon on some parishioner, whose virtues did not readily come to mind, honestly said, "He was good at fires." Dr. Ripley had many virtues, and yet all will remember that even in his old age, if the fire-bell was rung, he was instantly on horseback with his bucket and bag.

He was never distinguished in the pulpit as a writer of sermons, but in his house his speech was form and pertinence itself. You felt, in his presence, that he belonged by nature to the clerical class. He had a foresight, when he opened his mouth, of all that he would say, and he marched straight to the conclusion. In private discourse or in debate, in the vestry or lyceum, the structure of his sentences was admirable—so neat, so natural, so terse, his words fell like stones, and often, though quite unconscious of it, his speech was a satire on the loose, voluminous, patchwork periods of other speakers. He sat down when he had done. A man of anecdote, his talk in the parlor was chiefly narrative. I remember the remark of a gentleman who listened with much delight to his conversation, at the time when the doctor was preparing to go to Baltimore and Washington, that "a man who could tell a story so well was company for kings and John Quincy Adams." With a very limited acquaintance with books, his knowledge was an external experience, an Indian wisdom, the observation of such facts as country life for nearly a century could supply. He watched with interest the garden, the field, the orchard, the house and the barn, horse, cow, sheep and dog, and all the common objects that engage the thought of the farmer. He kept his eye on the horizon, and knew the weather like a sea captain. The usual experience of men—birth, marriage, sickness, death, burial, the common temptations, the common ambitions, he studied them all, and sympathized so well in these that he was excellent company and counsel to all, even the most humble and ignorant. With extraordinary states of mind, with states of enthusiasm or enlarged speculation he had no sympathy and pretended to none. He was very sincere, and kept to his point, and his mark was never remote. His conversation was strictly personal, and apt to the person and the occasion. An eminent skill he had in saying difficult and unspeakable things; in delivering to a man or woman that which all other friends had abstained from saying; in uncovering the bandage from a sore place, or applying the surgeon's knife with a truly surgical spirit. Was a man a sot, or a spendthrift, or too long time a bachelor, or suspected of some hidden crime, or had he quarrelled with his wife, or collared his father, or was there any cloud or suspicious circumstances in his behavior, the good pastor knew his way straight to that point, believing himself entitled to a full explanation; and whatever relief to the conscience of both parties plain speech could effect, was sure to be procured. In all such passages he justified himself to the conscience and commonly to the love of the persons concerned. Many instances in which he played a right manly part, and acquitted himself as a brave and wise man, will be long remembered. He was the more competent to these searching discourses from his knowledge of family history. He knew everybody's grandfather, and seemed to talk with each person rather as the representative of his house and name than as an individual. In him has perished more local and personal anecdote of this village and vicinity than is possessed by any survivor. This intimate knowledge of families, and this skill of speech, and still more his sympathy, made him incomparable in his parochial visits, and in his exhortations and prayers with sick and suffering persons. He gave himself up to his feeling, and said on the instant the best things in the world. Many and many a felicity he had in his prayer, now forever lost, which defied all the rules of all the rhetoricians. He did not know when he was good in prayer or sermon, for he had no literature and no art; but he believed, and therefore he spoke.

He was eminently loyal in his nature, and not fond of adventures or innovation. By education, and still more by temperament, he was engaged to the old forms of the New-England Church. Not speculative, but affectionate; devout, but with an extreme love of order, he adopted heartily, though in its mildest forms, the creed and catechism of the fathers, and appeared a modern Israelite in his attachment to the Hebrew history and faith. Thus he seemed, in his constitutional leaning to their religion, one of the rear guard of the great camp and army of the Puritans; and now, when all the old platforms and customs of the Church were losing their hold in the affections of men, it was fit that he should depart, fit that, in the fall of laws, a loyal man should die. Yours with great respect,

R. W. EMERSON.

LA MARMORA'S MARRIAGE.

From The Spectator.

When Victor Emmanuel ascended the throne he intrusted La Marmora with the dangerous and delicate mission of restoring order in Genoa, then the seat of Republican anarchy. La Marmora, fearing that the 50,000 bayonets which Austria so generously offered to Victor Emmanuel, and which he declined, might be put in motion without the permission of the King, made haste to subdue rebellion by taking the city by storm, and putting Garibaldi in prison. Under his firm, wise rule, order and obedience to the laws were quickly restored. Austrian bayonets had no pretext for intervening, and even the King of Naples expressed his admiration of La Marmora to the Sardinian Minister.

D'Azeglio, who was then Prime Minister, was much amused at the old enemy of Piedmont commending one of her sons. "Dearest Cousin," he writes in his playful manner, "I am filled with envy to hear that the King of Naples admires you and not me. It was the bombardment that pleased him, of course, and so I have no chance of winning his esteem." There was at this time in Genoa a rich English lady Miss Bertie Mathews, whose acquaintance the General had made in Turin; she was a recent convert to Catholicism, and, like all new converts, very devout. Why Miss Mathews should have preferred to be bombarded and held under martial law with the revolutionists of Genoa, instead of remaining in the pleasant and peaceful capital, does not appear. La Marmora was too modest a man to suspect that he had "overcome more than his enemies," but, though quite ignorant of the state of her feelings, he was not insensible to her influence, and yielded to a growing inclination toward her, all the more willingly because his sister had praised her warmly, and represented her as possessed of so many excellent qualities that she would be a treasure as a wife. Difficulties presented themselves in the way of their marriage, because of the lady being a convert, consequently a bigot, and opposed to the liberal principles of the La Marmora family. But by this time he had grown too fond of the girl to give her up, and he resolved finally to take his chance of happiness with her. La Marmora was now a member of the D'Azeglio Ministry, and though a good Catholic and a Moderate of the Moderates, his wife was persuaded by her Jesuit advisers that he was treading the dangerous road that leads to destruction, and that it was her duty to try to stop him. It is easy to conceive the unhappy state of affairs that this idea occasioned. But by degrees the husband's influence became paramount, and the Signora La Marmora, though always a devotee, subsided into a most admiring wife. "She does not love, she worships you," wrote Dabormida to his friend in the Crimea; and he repaid her affection by a life-long, chivalrous devotion.

LINCOLN IN 1861.

Gath in The San Francisco Chronicle.

I had been some time in Trenton before the Presidential train came along, and the Mayor of the town, who was a common, smug kind of man conferred with me about the speech he ought to make, and finally a speech was gotten up before Lincoln came.

We went to the depot somewhere near noon, and not more than half a dozen to a cozen people, as I remember, were admitted to the car platforms. The depot consisted of a kind of whitewashed hencoop, made of slat work, with the idea of preventing anybody from getting on the platform unless he paid his fare. The penuriousness of railroad travel between Washington and New-York in those days no man can now conceive; the complete captivity of the travelling public to petty incidental corporations which had no national spirit, and were almost as rebellious as the States of the South. Inside of this hencoop depot, in the middle of the town of Trenton, I waited till the little low-pitched cars and mean-looking locomotive whistled and snorted their way in.

There stepped out of the car among the first—I think, indeed, he was the second man—a tall, almost noble-looking personage, dressed in a new suit of black broadcloth, with a high stove-pipe silk hat, and instead of the man-monkey he had been advertised to be, there were the proportions and accoutrements of a gentleman, and turning to the Jersey officials, with a voice deep and dignified, he said, as if anticipating that he was to be made a fool-show of:

"Now, let us be as quiet as it is possible, if you please."

I then felt that Lincoln had been slandered by the Douglas element in the campaign, and having seen Douglas to a sufficiency, I saw that the man who beat him was his superior in temperance, modesty and sensibility.

It took but a minute or two for the Mayor to get off his speech, and perhaps he cut it out altogether—it is all hazy now—and then we took carriages to go to the State House, on the banks of the Delaware River, distant, perhaps, three-quarters of a mile. I had the third or fourth carriage after Lincoln—I forget with whom—and as we passed through the streets the Irish population set up loud yells of laughter, not exactly knowing which man was "Old Abe," but they seemed to have faith that the baboon was somewhere around. Anecdotes of all kinds had been told on Lincoln, and he was made to appear a fantastic, preposterous person.

I obtained a seat in the Senate Chamber, and with small delay the President-elect was brought up to make a speech. Up to that time he had said nothing during his long journey from Springfield to Trenton touching upon the possibilities of a conflict. With my usual news luck I arrived the first moment he was to be definite.

He stood forth, the same modest, yet kind-eyed man, but with a confidence a little back of the surface, which showed that he was a man of affairs and used to the large shocks of the populace and the politicians. There seemed nothing ungainly in his appearance, except that he was of a good, fine height without any gross lines about his stomach, and his arms were long, and every feature in his face had its separate expression, and over all was a fatherly look.

After paying his respects and thanks to the audience, which was not probably over four hundred to five hundred people, though of this I am not sure, as I am depending wholly upon the impression in the memory, he said:

"We do not know that there will be any trouble; I hope not. It may be necessary to put the foot down firm."

When he got to this point the entire audience arose and stormed the occasion with shouts and cheers and yells and shrieks, in which you could hear not only the resolution of battle, but the belief that there was now going to be a fight. The South had bluffed so long against the successful Republican party; this party was resolved on a war, and did not mean to wait any time about taking up the gage of battle.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

From The London Globe.

A great diplomatist, who had spent many years in the service of his country with more than common opportunities for forming a correct judgment, once declared that, among all the remarkable men with whom he had been acquainted, he never met above one or two who possessed presence of mind. We shall be the less inclined to question this assertion if we attempt to realize the essential qualities which "presence of mind" implies. Panic, as we have within the last few months had too frequent and fatal reason to discover, is the temporary suspension or paralysis of the reasoning faculties. The word is referable to the Greek mythology, and is said by Archbishop Potter to be derived from Pan, who, being once in command of an army, and encompassed by a greatly superior force, ordered his men to raise a general shout in the night, which so surprised the enemy that they immediately fled from their camp, "whence it came that all sudden fears impressed upon men's spirits without any just reason were called by the Greeks and Romans 'Panick terrours.'" Presence of mind, on the other hand, is the maintenance of the judgment under circumstances of panic or emergency which call for immediate action. That the faculty of doing the right thing at the right moment is entirely independent of merely animal or, as it may be called, constitutional courage, is shown by its occasional manifestation by those in whom the latter quality is largely tempered with discretion. Jones of Nayland asserts, indeed, that the truest courage is always mixed with circumspection; while Addison points out that the courage which grows simply from constitution very often forsakes a man just at the moment when he has occasion for it. Napoleon also refers to this distinction when he says, "I have very rarely met with the 2-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. I mean unprepared courage; that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which in spite of the most unforeseen events leaves full freedom of judgment and decision."

As wit pierces the ordinary current of conversation, so does presence of mind, in the form of a flash of ratiocination, illuminate a catastrophe or a panic. The phrases, "having your wits about you" and "not losing your head,' which are the ordinary vernacular equivalents for presence of mind, show, in fact, this exceptional quality to be essentially wit in action. There is an old tradition which recounts how when William the Conqueror landed for the first time on English soil, he slipped and fell on his face. Divining by some swift intuition that his followers might regard this as an ill omen, he rose with each hand full of earth, and exclaimed, "Thus do I take possession of England! I grasp it with both hands." To this readiness the quality of wit can hardly be denied; but it was practical wit as well, and is therefore properly regarded as one of the typical instances of presence of mind.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE INVENTOR.

From Quiz.

The following is a good story about a well-known professor, which may go to prove that even great physicists are liable to error:—The professor was showing a party of ladies and gentlemen over some large works at Birmingham, chiefly engaged in the manufacture of complicated optical instruments. The party came across a very ingenious instrument, the working of which the professor proceeded to explain. In the midst of his exposition, a roughly-dressed young man, standing near, struck in, and civilly pointed out that the man of science was quite mistaken in his notions as to the instrument in point.

The professor, whose weak point is not an excess of humility, angrily maintained his own view, but did not succeed in convincing his opponent, who finally shrugged his shoulders and walked off. "Who is that—that *person*?" asked the professor, indignantly, of a workman standing by. "Oh! that is Dr. ——" was the reply; "he invented that instrument you have been looking at!" Tableau.

An old peasant on the south shore of Long Island was telling his visitor how pleasant it was. "But," asked the friend, slapping his face with his handkerchief, "don't you have a great many mosquitoes and sand-flies?" "Ya-as," said the man, "but then we sorter like them." "How can that be?" "Wa-al, you see, we feel so kinder good when they go away."

EMERSON AND WHITMAN.

MR. O'CONNOR REPLIES TO THE REV. MR. CHADWICK.

THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHER'S LOVE FOR THE "GOOD GRAY POET"—"ALL THAT COULD BE SAID" NOT ALL THAT HAS BEEN SAID—DYNAMITE AND ANTHROPOPHAGY.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Some attention is due to the Rev. John W. Chadwick, who lately enters your columns and tries to make me out a compound of Mendez Pinto and Ananias. I will not, at present, dwell upon the exquisite manners of his composition, because I am mainly impressed by its heavy verdancy. He finds in *The Critic* of December 3, 1881, a jotted reminiscence, penned with careless bonhomie, of a talk Emerson had with Walt Whitman about the passages whose "courage of treatment" he had commended five years before; and even supposing it bears the construction he puts upon it, which it does not, would anyone but this gentle shepherd imagine that the powerful and absolute public statements of the Emerson letter of 1855, could be retracted or qualified by what Emerson said in a private conversation on Boston Common, not reported for twenty-one years after? Yet this is the Rev. Mr. Chadwick's position, at its best; and he is so vain in the possession of his toy gun loaded with a single green pea, and so well fortified does he think himself in his cobweb Gibraltar, that he blandly imagines the force of my former letter quite destroyed by his counter-blast, and ventures the length of supposing me guilty of wilful falsehood! I beg to introduce a little dynamite into these placid dreams. But first, as a matter of general interest in this connection, allow me a few words in regard to the relations between the two principal figures under discussion.

THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN EMERSON AND WHITMAN.

Emerson had much more of a personal friendship for Walt Whitman than has been generally supposed. This was first evidenced by his making a determined visit to Brooklyn, soon after the appearance of "Leaves of Grass," twenty-five years ago, walking out to the little cottage in the suburbs several miles from the ferry, where the poet then lived. From that time regularly for years afterward, whenever Emerson came to New-York, he appointed a meeting, and the two generally dined together and spent some hours. When the author of "Leaves of Grass" was in Boston in 1860, Emerson was his frequent and cordial visitor. The war, and the poet's removal to Washington, the scene of his long and devoted service in the hospitals, and where he remained for a number of years, of course made a protracted interim in personal communication, but I doubt if it could be said that Ralph Waldo Emerson's affections (and few knew how deeply he could love) ever went out more warmly to anyone, and remained from first to last more fixed, under the circumstances, than toward Walt Whitman. To my apprehension there is nothing more affecting or emphatic in his whole career—a sort of final coruscation in its evening twilight—than the last sweet and gracious attentions he paid the noble poet, whose deep-thoughted words had stirred the enthusiasm of his prime. I refer to the time in September, 1881, when Walt Whitman was staying at Frank Sanborn's in Concord, and Emerson drove over to deliberately pay those "respects" for which he had obligated himself twenty-five years before. Nor can the unusual compliment of the hospitable but formal dinner party made the next day for Walt Whitman by Mr. and Mrs. Emerson be regarded as without marked significance. I will not dwell upon the occasion, but if the scene of that beautiful autumn Sabbath afternoon, there in his own mansion, surrounded by all his family—wife, son, daughters, son-in-law, nearest relatives and two or three very near friends—a company of those closest to his spirit, and Walt Whitman chosen to be there among them—if that does not mean how Emerson, by this simple, almost solemn rite, wished, before he departed, to reiterate and finally seal his verdict of 1855 upon the poet and the man he loved, then there is no significance in human life or its emotions and actions.

THE TALK ON BOSTON COMMON.

This general statement of the relations between the two men explains the talk upon Boston Common in 1860, Walt Whitman's brief and nonchalant reference to which gives the Rev. Mr. Chadwick opportunity for some strokes of exegesis not surpassed by Sir Isaac Newton's happy treatise on the Book of Revelations. The year after Emerson's comprehensive and absolute eulogium, the attack upon the book began. It was led off by Mr. Fitz-James O'Brien, an athletic young Irish saint, whose eminent sanctity of life and conversation did not prevent him from wearing his halo with the most rakish slant possible. Other holy hermits of the press and oyster cellars joined him, and from that time forward the magazines and newspapers, to which these men had free access, teemed with every form of misrepresentation and abuse, and the fortunes of the book were involved in cloud. Under these circumstances Emerson, who wished the prosperity of his friend, and spoke out of his personal affection, tried to convince him that he would better omit the passages upon which the storm had been raised. This was in perfect accordance with a leading trait in Emerson's mind. Does Mr. Chadwick remember that noble funeral eulogy upon Theodore Parker, in the course of which Emerson, though in perfect and avowed agreement with Parker's beliefs, censured him for the directness of his attacks upon the old cruel theologies? It was not canny, he said, to thus squarely assault venerable superstitions. A similar notion probably actuated him in his vehement arguments with Walt Whitman about the passages in his book which had been made obnoxious. The fact that they had occasioned uproar, combined with the fact that the uproar was likely to wreck his friend's fortunes, was to him sufficient reason for the book proceeding without them. In retraction of his letter of 1855, he uttered not one word, nor—let Mr. Chadwick mark it well—did he utter one word on *moral* grounds concerning anything in the volume. How could he? Mr. Chadwick himself says: "I do not believe that Mr. Whitman has written a line which is not pure and high in its intention." How could Emerson urge on moral grounds anything against a poetry containing not "a line which is not pure and high in its intention"? Mr. Emerson's arguments simply consisted of a splendid and sincere unfolding of the technical literary and conventional points applicable with a view to induce Walt Whitman to conform to them, and leave out some lines in his volume. Of the higher reasons for leaving those lines in, he said not a syllable; and years ago, Walt Whitman, talking with several of us here in reference to this interview, said that apart from Emerson's solicitude for him, it was the saddest conversation he ever had in his life, inasmuch as Emerson, in all his copious and splendid talk concerning the mooted passages, had, after all, nothing better to urge than that their withdrawal would make the book sell better.

WHITMAN'S CONVICTIONS UNSHAKEN.

In a recent letter to me, Walt Whitman says:

"What made, and ever makes, the argument of Emerson in that walk on the Common dear and holy to me, was its personal affectionateness, as of an elder brother to a younger. It was a vehement, even passionate, well-wishing, which I felt then, and feel to this hour, the gratitude and reverence of my life could never repay. Although perfect from an intellectual and conventional point of view, it did not advance anything I had not already considered. And my arriere and citadel positions—such as I have indicated in my June *North American Review* memorandum—were not only not attacked, they were not even alluded to."

Mr. Chadwick may try to say that if Walt Whitman had any case to state, that hour with Emerson in 1860 was the time. On the contrary, the question of the poet's eternal duty to his day and generation being laid in abeyance, and the question of deference to convention being alone brought forward, I think that Walt Whitman's silence was the sublimer answer. It is in times like these that speech is silver, but silence is gold. It is obvious that Emerson's arguments did not touch Walt Whitman's principle of treatment in sexual matters, which was a moral one, or rather one which involved the vertebra of all morals. He urged instead, though with trenchant power and grace, conventional and technical literary considerations. These considerations Walt Whitman had long dwelt upon in his own mind, and he was anxious to hear the utmost that could be said upon them. And now when he had heard what the best critic of the age could say, and his inmost soul and brain remained untouched, his final resolution was taken. What he sought to do in "Children of Adam" for human purity, seemed, he once told some of us here, all the more necessary after that conversation with Emerson. From that time, however interest might point, his duty was plain.

"ALL THAT COULD BE SAID."

This is the whole story. And now what warrant has the Rev. Mr. Chadwick for his hardy assertion that Emerson in that conversation qualified his judgment of 1855? Simply Walt Whitman's description in *The Critic* of December 3, 1881, of Emerson's talk as a statement "of all that could be said against that part (and a main part) in the construction of my poems, 'Children of Adam.'" "All that could be said"! And what was that? "All that could be said" might be, and was in effect, very little! "All that could be said," was said not on grounds of delicacy, or decency, or morality, but simply on grounds of expediency, as the Rev. Mr. Chadwick might have conceived, if he had as much imagination as a pint pot! Yet on the strength of this careless and ambiguous phrase—"all that could be said"—he has the effrontery to declare, citing Walt Whitman as his witness, that "Emerson's disapproval of those things which have got Mr. Whitman into trouble, was severe and unmistakable." If this is true, Emerson was nothing less than criminal not to have said so in his letter of 1855, and for such a failure in duty he could not excuse himself to the generations. He had no moral right to send forth a letter in wholesale, sweeping, absolute commendation of a book, concerning parts of which his "disapproval" "was severe and unmistakable," and nobody knows this better than the Rev. Mr. Chadwick. But before he leads us to believe that Emerson was the knave he would make him, we will trouble him for a little proof of his assertion that Emerson's "disapproval of those things which have got Mr. Whitman into trouble, was severe and unmistakable." He has no proof to offer, except the "all that could be said," which is nothing but the stenographic memorandum of a course of action Emerson urged, not as a moral duty, but as a shield against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. This vague phrase is his sole warrant for alleging that Emerson traversed his magnificent, comprehensive and unqualified verdict of 1855 upon Walt Whitman's volume.

It is also his only warrant for the coarse insult he offers me. The Rev. Mr. Chadwick knows perfectly well that Emerson's public verdict could not be retracted or qualified by a private conversation, brought to the light twenty-one years afterward, and if it could, he had no evidence, as I have shown, that it had been. Even the Rev. Mr. Chadband had the grace to say, "Let us stop and inquire," and when the Rev. Mr. Chadwick came upon his mare's nest in *The Critic*, he might have profited by the example, and instituted question before he charged falsehood. On the contrary, without waiting to understand what he has read, he talks about my letter to you being "disingenuous to an astonishing degree," and says he "cannot escape the feeling that" I "have consciously and wilfully perverted and suppressed the truth"! This is the sort of language he uses toward a man whose title to respect and courtesy might be considered at least equal to his own. The time will never come, I am sure, when a clergyman must cease to be a gentleman, but my faith in this particular is not sustained and soothed by the example of the Rev. Mr. Chadwick. For less than he has done to me, the good cannibals have eaten many a missionary.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS O'CONNOR.

Washington, D. C., June 12, 1882.

JUDGING THE CASE ON ITS MERITS.

THE MISTAKE OF TRYING TO REFORM SOCIETY BY ABOLISHING CLOTHES—EMERSON'S QUALIFICATIONS OF HIS APPROVAL OF WHITMAN.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: In THE TRIBUNE of May 25 appeared a passionate defence of Mr. Walt Whitman's poems, by Mr. W. D. O'Connor, from the charge of obscenity recently brought against them by the Prosecuting Attorney of Boston, with the result of suppressing their sale by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., the publishers. This letter puts forth statements so extraordinary, and deals in such extravagant laudation of the "poet," and in such declamatory abuse of all who do not recognize his claims to honor, that it should not pass unchallenged.

WHITMAN'S CREED OF ETHICS.

Let us look at the case on its merits. "Leaves of Grass" is a book in which, amid much that is trivial and much more that is repulsive, are found many fresh, noble and elevated sentiments. The theory of the work—that which may be called its basis and reason for being—is that all human functions, spiritual, intellectual or corporeal, are equally divine and honorable. The author begins and ends with the celebration of the body (literally speaking—the flesh) as the hitherto neglected province in all literature. To this theme he devotes himself, and rings the changes upon it in every page, returning to it from each excursion into other fields, and beating it out thin with the monotony of endless iteration. Here is his self-declared *credo*, selected with entire fairness from the earlier pages of his work, and no better or worse, either in sentiment or style, than hundreds of other characteristic passages:

"I celebrate myself;
I believe in the flesh and the appetites.
. . . .
Walt Whitman am I, a Kosmos, of mighty Manhattan the son,
Turbulent, fleshy and sensual, eating, drinking and breeding;
No sentimentalist—no stander above men and women, or apart from them;
No more modest than immodest.

Unscrew the locks from the doors!
Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs.

Whoever degrades another degrades me;
And whatever is done or said returns at last to me.

Through me the afflatus surging and surging—through me the current and index.
I speak the pass-word primeval—I give the sign of democracy;
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

This is the refrain which runs through the entire volume. "Leaves of Grass" is a glorification of the animal man, who is exhibited to us—regardless of sex—*in puris naturalibus*. Mr. Whitman writes out for us minute anatomical catalogues of all the bodily organs, and calls them "poems." He strings together a long category of human employments, a jumbled kaleidoscope of action and passion, a St. Vitus's dance of the universe,—"systems and stars pell-mell together,"—and invites us to admire it as poetry. His muse is the most materialistic (I will not say realistic) divinity that ever drew breath. She piques herself upon being of the earth, earthy. She sings the praises of muck and slime in wholly innumerous verse, and remorselessly pitches what men by common consent call beauty and virtue out of window. This "poet" will not hear of the soul, he is so fiercely intent upon hugging his beloved body. He has not even grace enough to join in the prayer of the agnostic: "O God, if there is a God, save my soul, if I have a soul." If ever by accident he mounts heavenward, he descends more quickly and further than he rose:

"He whispers of the glorious gods,
But leaves us in the mire."

THE CHARGE OF OBSCENITY.

Whether his writings are open to the charge of obscenity is a question of casuistry which may be left to the lawyers who prosecute under our statutes, and to the judges who interpret them. We do not know that they are obscene; we do know that they are unprintable—and neither THE TRIBUNE nor any other decent journal in the two worlds will consent to soil its types with them. Even Mr. O'Connor hides his defence of them behind a cloud of explosive adjectives, instead of fair citation and justifying comment. Exalting the book as written in "the sublime spirit of our times," he says of one of the passages condemned that it is merely "the identification through sympathy of one's self with lawless or low-down persons." Whatever this may mean, it only reminds us of Sir Thomas Browne's quaint criticism of what fallen man will do "in the infamy of his nature." Again, Mr. O'Connor says of another passage complained of as obscene, that it is "a rapt celebration of the acts and organs of chaste love." Now what is depicted by Whitman, in what it is no abuse of words to term this brutal passage, is wholly outside of wedlock. The writer, if report speaks truly, was never married. In his books, in numerous passages, he makes a boast of "free-love" principles, and flouts his freedom from every law but the law of appetite in the face of all the world. The translators of Martial and Boccaccio veil the grosser impurities of these writers in the obscurity of a learned language. Even Montaigne, who, as Emerson says, "pretends to most of the vices," handles certain themes with reticence, and tells us that "he who says all that is to be said, gluts and disgusts us." Rousseau celebrated the superiority of the savage state with a persuasive eloquence which captivated the critics, and won the prizes of the Academy of Dijon. Many other writers, ancient and modern, have treated erotic subjects with so much wit, fancy, imagination, nay, even delicacy, as to win the world to admiration. It was reserved to Mr. Walt Whitman to handle them with such utter frankness of brutality that nine readers out of ten, before they have travelled half through his book, suffer an attack of nausea.

There is no canon of literary ethics more just in itself or more widely accepted than that expressed in the couplet of Roscommon:

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

It may suit the nature or the caprice of Mr. Walt Whitman to go naked (at least such a conclusion is fairly derivable from his "poems"); but civilized mankind yet retain a marked prejudice in favor of clothes. It may accord with his tastes and desires to batter down all the doors of the domestic sanctum; but the vast majority of men and women will still guard the sacred privacy of home, and will refuse to believe, on the arrogant dictum of this apostle of the unclean, that virtue and vice are one. Because the functions of nature are all natural, it by no means follows that they are all to be performed or celebrated in public. Grant, if you will, that the most of modern civilization is a sham; it does not follow that our redemption is to be found in the gospel of carnality according to Walt Whitman. One might, perhaps, be persuaded, in some ecstatic mood, when nature is bursting into full effulgence, to join in his worship of the god Pan; but when he insists upon adding to it the worship of the god Priapus, it is exacting altogether too much from us. We have heard of the Hindoo Brahmin, who arrived at the perfection of the absolute by the fixed contemplation of his own navel; but the results thus far achieved do not warrant us in entertaining any very exalted hopes of human perfectibility from the physical introspections of Mr. Walt Whitman.

MISTAKE OF THE PROSECUTION.

Notwithstanding all this, the attempted prosecution of this work on the charge of obscenity was a profound mistake. It should be left to its due chances under the inexorable laws that govern the wide realm of literature, and which give to some the meed of perennial fame, and to others a swift passport to oblivion. But Mr. O'Connor is much mistaken in treating this as an unprecedented case of attempting to arrest the circulation of noxious or obnoxious books in this country by law. The reports of our State and local courts contain numerous cases, both of successful and unsuccessful prosecutions of such publications. As to the publishers, the only wonder is that a house which had established so high a reputation for the character of the books bearing their imprint, should have committed the blunder of publishing a work which, it may be presumed, they never read. Their withdrawal from the issue of a volume which they could not defend in morals, should entitle them to thanks rather than vilification.

MR. EMERSON'S ATTITUDE.

Great stress is laid by Mr. O'Connor upon an emphatic commendation of "Leaves of Grass" by Mr. Emerson, which, while never publicly retracted, was never repeated by that eminent thinker. This praise grew naturally out of Mr. Emerson's well-known habitual hospitality to any manifestation whatever of genius. He rarely waited for results, but welcomed every new thought, or novel expression of thought, wherever found. Hence he sometimes gave incautious judgments upon the productions of young men, which he had afterward occasion to regret. He overlooked the most glaring faults in his eagerness to encourage any fresh or original genius that came in his way. As Burke pardoned something to the spirit of liberty, so Emerson could pardon almost everything to the literary innovator, to the man who refused to build after the existing models. But the use made of his private letter to the author of "Leaves of Grass," in parading with puerile egotism upon every copy of the second edition the words, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career: R. W. Emerson," annoyed him much. He said to several persons after having made Mr. Whitman's personal acquaintance, that he found in his conversation "none of that disgusting Priapism which appears in some parts of his book." Thus the "unbounded approval" of the man who expressed it in an evidently hasty private letter, was largely qualified by his after utterances.

Washington, D. C., June 14, 1882. SIGMA.

CONFEDERATE CLOTHES.

Mary W. Early in The Weekly Times of Philadelphia.

During the war homespun dresses were a good deal used by Virginia country ladies for every-day wear, and I have seen some of these dresses that looked really pretty and jaunty on fresh young girls. The dyes (as well as the cloth) were a home production. Ivy leaves, set with alum, made a pretty gray; sumac leaves and chinquapin bark made black; maple bark made a bright purple, and peach bark made a green dye.

The men of the Confederacy, those in the army, at least, fared much better with respect to clothes than the women did, the Government providing them with uniforms imported from abroad, through the blockade. Occasionally, too, a woman would get a prize in the shape of a trunk or box of new clothes smuggled through the blockade, in which case her toilet would be the envy and admiration of all her feminine friends. Persons who had friends or relatives in Baltimore, Philadelphia or other Northern cities would sometimes be favored with a box of "store clothes." I remember such a box being sent from Philadelphia to acquaintances of mine in Richmond, who became, in consequence, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." A plaid ribbon in this box was lent by turns to various friends, who looked on it as a rare and dainty ornament, something almost equal to the ribbon of the Order of the Garter. The writer wore it to an elegant entertainment in Richmond the last winter of the war.

Merchants as well as individuals would occasionally receive goods through the blockade, but these were scarcely opened before their eager customers would seize on them and buy them up. Prices rose almost as high as during the Revolutionary War of 1776. The last winter of the war the thinnest, flimsiest silk rose above $100 a yard. Dresses that winter were made with a basque and a full, plain skirt, or a flounced one, semi-long. Ball dresses of silk or other heavy material were made after the memorial fashion of a Grecian waist, with a full, plain skirt, in a train behind, and I do not think any of the changes or caprices of fashion have improved upon the beauty and simple elegance of this costume. Muslin dresses were flounced or puffed, and by dint of being carefully darned and laundried were made to do good service. On one occasion a young lady of my acquaintance appeared in a very dashing costume of pink silk brocade, the design being so large and coarse as to cause a suspicion among her lady friends that she had improvised a ball costume out of an old brocatelle curtain, and a sprightly young lady, on the spur of the moment, composed a parody on Moore's "Origin of The Harp," beginning thus:

"'Tis believed that this dress that I now wear for thee
Was a curtain of old——."

But the rest is too full of personalities for repetition. Such transformations and make-shifts were the order of the day during the war. Numerous articles "contrived by turns a double debt to pay," like the piece of furniture described by Goldsmith, "By night a bed, a chest of drawers by day." A gentleman of my acquaintance had himself a "swell" suit made out of gray blanket shawls, and a lady in our neighborhood had an old piano-cover dyed (it was colored bright purple by means of maple bark) and cut up into a suit for her little boy, who appeared quite in royal style in his purple garments.

A very prevalent fashion in Confederate days was what were called Garibaldi bodies. These were gathered full on the shoulders beneath a band, and were generally made of white muslin and worn with colored silk skirts. Sometimes, however, they were made of bright-colored flannel or silk, with a row of gilt buttons up the front and on the shoulder straps. The Italian hero, Garibaldi, I may remark in this connection, was highly esteemed in the Confederacy. Unfortunately, the fashions of those days called for voluminous garments and bonnets. Gores were not worn then, nor had it come into fashion to combine two materials in a costume, else we might have combined the fragments of two dresses into one and thus been somewhat relieved of our straits and perplexities. The bonnets and hats were large; at one time the former were immense, prompting one to exclaim, "No more on this head!" Velvet bonnets were mostly worn in winter, but in summer straw hats and drawn muslin hats (the latter very pretty and picturesque) were worn. Toward the latter part of the war, hats made of pleated shucks were very much worn in country neighborhoods, a trimming for the hat being also made of shucks. The gentlemen and little boys of the family had to resort to home-made or country-made hats for common wear, and these hats, shaped by the awkward, inexperienced fingers of amateurs, displayed many curious curves and grotesque indentations that imparted a rakish air to even the staidest old gentleman or most innocent little boy.

Feather flowers were much in vogue then, not the fine, delicate, brilliant ones made of Brazilian feathers, but coarse ones made of the feathers of our barnyard fowls, while eider and swansdown were simulated by a trimming made of goose feathers. Trimmings were, of course, as scarce with us as material to be trimmed, and toward the close of the war persons appeared quite dressy if they could muster a trimming of dress braid; a quilling of this at the bottom of an alpaca or worsted skirt, and three rows of it above, were considered a stylish trimming. Shoes were a great difficulty with us. Many a belle had to encase her dainty feet in clumsy, home-made shoes, and if the war had gone on much longer perhaps we might have had occasion to resort to the French sabot or wooden shoe. A country cobbler in my neighborhood supplied the young ladies around him toward the close of the war with gaiters made of an old blue cloth coat, cut up and stitched with yellow silk.

MRS. STOWE AND HER WORK.

From The Boston Herald.

Mrs. Stowe composes with perfect facility, her thoughts flowing so freely and uninterruptedly, and her pen being so obedient to their course that her manuscript always goes to the printers in its first draft. She never goes back to revise or correct, and does not even take the trouble to read over what she has written. Her father was quite different in this respect, for, with his manuscript, he was continually hesitating, scratching out and changing expressions over and over again. Mrs. Stowe has no regular hours devoted to literary labor, but writes when she feels most in the mood. When tired of the pen she relieves herself by taking up palette and brush, having a decided artistic talent which she exercises principally in flower painting, a love for flowers being one of her passions.

Mrs. Stowe is of medium height, with a slight figure and a thoughtful face, full of refined character, her features combining strength and delicacy in expression. Her gray hair is almost snowy. She dresses with extreme simplicity and in good taste. She has an easy, unassuming way; an air of genuine old New-England domesticity, which shows that her numerous papers on house and home topics are based on practical experience.

Her regular home is in Hartford, a place endeared to her by the associations of girlhood. Her house is on Forest-st. It is of brick, with a tastefully plain exterior, painted a light buff, and is surrounded by pleasant grounds. The three celebrated authors who may be said to form a Hartford literary trio are near neighbors, Mr. Clemens ("Mark Twain") living next door, while Charles Dudley Warner's home is not five minutes away. The interior of Mrs. Stowe's house is unassumingly comfortable. There are many souvenirs of travel and interesting associations, including portraits presented her by distinguished foreign friends gained by her labors for the cause of freedom. On the walls are also many of her own flower paintings, the clustered favorites of her beloved New-England fields being side by side with the gorgeous flora of Florida.

Mrs. Stowe and her family live in an atmosphere of perpetual summer, their winters for the past sixteen years having been spent amid the orange groves of Mandarin, her Florida estate on the St. John River. Her picturesque cottage is shaded by the dense foliage of magnificent live-oaks, and from the point on which it stands there is an uninterrupted view for miles, both up and down the broad and beautiful river. Notwithstanding her abolition antecedents, she and her family have received nothing but kindness from her Southern neighbors, although the press, in some instances, has been violent in its assaults. Of the celebration of her seventieth birthday Mrs. Stowe says that she feels a little embarrassed, since it will be the first birthday she has ever celebrated, she having been brought up in the old-fashioned manner which made no account of birthdays or of few other sentimental occasions. She never could succeed in remembering when the day came around, and once, having made a number of good resolutions for the occasion, after the manner of many other people, she found that she had made them on the wrong day.